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THE FATHER  
OF THE FOREST  
AND OTHER  
POEMS







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William Watson

# THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

AND OTHER POEMS BY

WILLIAM WATSON

*With Portrait after a Photograph*

*by Frederick Hollyer*



LONDON: JOHN LANE, VIGO ST.

CHICAGO: STONE & KIMBALL

1895



*Second Edition*

1148043

PP  
1952  
FD  
1895

Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty

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# THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

A

To John St. Loe Strachey

## THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

### I

OLD emperor Yew, fantastic sire,  
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,—  
What ages hast thou seen retire  
Into the dusk of alien things?  
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,  
Of armies perished, realms unmade?  
  
Already wast thou great and wise,  
And solemn with exceeding eld,  
On that proud morn when England's eyes,  
Wet with tempestuous joy, beheld

Round her rough coasts the thundering main  
Strewn with the ruined dream of Spain.

Hardly thou count'st them long ago,  
The warring faiths, the wavering land,  
The sanguine sky's delirious glow,  
And Cranmer's scorched, uplifted hand.  
Wailed not the woods their task of shame,  
Doomed to provide the insensate flame ?

Mourned not the rumouring winds, when she,  
The sweet queen of a tragic hour,  
Crowned with her snow-white memory  
The crimson legend of the Tower ?  
Or when a thousand witcheries lay  
Felled with one stroke, at Fotheringay ?

Ah, thou hast heard the iron tread  
And clang of many an armoured age,  
And well recall'st the famous dead,  
Captains or counsellors brave or sage,  
Kings that on kings their myriads hurled,  
Ladies whose smile embroiled the world.

Rememberest thou the perfect knight,  
The soldier, courtier, bard in one,  
Sidney, that pensive Hesper-light  
O'er Chivalry's departed sun ?  
Knew'st thou the virtue, sweetness, lore,  
Whose nobly hapless name was More ?

The roystering prince, that afterward  
Belied his madcap youth, and proved

A greatly simple warrior lord  
Such as our warrior fathers loved—  
Lives he not still? for Shakespeare sings  
The last of our adventurer kings.

His battles o'er, he takes his ease,  
Glory put by, and sceptred toil.  
Round him the carven centuries  
Like forest branches arch and coil.  
In that dim fane, he is not sure  
Who lost or won at Azincour !

Roofed by the mother minster vast  
That guards Augustine's rugged throne,  
The darling of a knightly Past  
Sleeps in his bed of sculptured stone,

And flings, o'er many a warlike tale,  
The shadow of his dusky mail.

The monarch who, albeit his crown  
Graced an august and sapient head,  
Rode roughshod to a stained renown  
O'er Wallace and Llewellyn dead,  
And perished in the hostile land,  
With restless heart and ruthless hand ;

Or that disastrous king on whom  
Fate, like a tempest, early fell,  
And the dark secret of whose doom  
The Keep of Pomfret kept full well ;  
Or him that with half careless words  
On Becket drew the dastard swords ;

Or Eleanor's undaunted son,  
That, starred with idle glory, came  
Bearing from leaguered Ascalon  
The barren splendour of his fame,  
And, vanquished by an unknown bow,  
Lies vainly great at Fontevraud ;

Or him, the footprints of whose power  
Made mightier whom he overthrew ;  
A man built like a mountain-tower,  
A fortress of heroic thew ;  
The Conqueror, in our soil who set  
This stem of Kinghood flowering yet ;—

These, or the living fame of these,  
Perhaps thou minglest—who shall say ?—

With thrice remoter memories,  
And phantoms of the mistier day,  
Long ere the tanner's daughter's son  
From Harold's hands this realm had won.

What years are thine, not mine to guess !  
The stars look youthful, thou being by ;  
Youthful the sun's glad-heartedness ;  
Witless of time the unageing sky !  
And these dim-groping roots around  
So deep a human Past are wound,

That, musing in thy shade, for me  
The tidings scarce would strangely fall  
Of fair-haired despots of the sea  
Scaling our eastern island-wall,

From their long ships of norland pine,  
Their 'surf-deer,' driven o'er wilds of brine.

Nay, hid by thee from Summer's gaze  
That seeks in vain this couch of loam,  
I should behold, without amaze,  
Camped on yon down the hosts of Rome,  
Nor start though English woodlands heard  
The selfsame mandatory word

As by the Cataracts of the Nile  
Marshalled the legions long ago,  
Or where the lakes are one blue smile  
'Neath pageants of Helvetian snow,  
Or 'mid the Syrian sands that lie  
Sick of the day's great tearless eye,

Or on barbaric plains afar,  
Where, under Asia's fevering ray,  
The long lines of imperial war  
O'er Tigris passed, and with dismay  
In fanged and iron deserts found  
Embattled Persia closing round,

And 'mid their eagles watched on high  
The vultures gathering for a feast,  
Till, from the quivers of the sky,  
The gorgeous star-flight of the East  
Flamed, and the bow of darkness bent  
O'er Julian dying in his tent.

II

WAS it the wind befooling me  
With ancient echoes, as I lay ?  
Was it the antic fantasy  
Whose elvish mockeries cheat the day ?  
Surely a hollow murmur stole  
From wizard bough and ghostly bole !

‘Who prates to me of arms and kings,  
Here in these courts of old repose ?  
Thy babble is of transient things,  
Broils, and the dust of foolish blows.

Thy sounding annals are at best

The witness of a world's unrest.

‘Goodly the ostents are to thee,

And pomps of Time : to me more sweet

The vigils of Eternity,

And Silence patient at my feet ;

And dreams beyond the deadening range

And dull monotonies of Change.

‘Often an air comes idling by

With news of cities and of men :

I hear a multitudinous sigh,

And lapse into my soul again.

Shall her great noons and sunsets be

Blurred with thine infelicity ?

‘ Now from these veins the strength of old,  
The warmth and lust of life depart ;  
Full of mortality, behold  
The cavern that was once my heart !  
Me, with blind arm, in season due,  
Let the aërial woodman hew.

‘ For not though mightiest mortals fall,  
The starry chariot hangs delayed.  
His axle is uncooled, nor shall  
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.  
A changeless pace His coursers keep,  
And halt not at the wells of sleep.

‘ The South shall bless, the East shall blight,  
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow ;

The million-lilied stream of Night,  
Wide in ethereal meadows flow ;  
And Autumn mourn ; and everything  
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring.

‘ With oceans heedless round her feet,  
And the indifferent heavens above,  
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat  
Of wars and tears, and death and love ;  
And, wise from all the foolish Past,  
Shall peradventure hail at last

‘ The advent of that morn divine  
When nations may as forests grow,  
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,  
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,

But all, in their unlikeness, blend  
Confederate to one golden end—

‘Beauty: the Vision whereunto,  
In joy, with pantings, from afar,  
Through sound and odour, form and hue,  
And mind and clay, and worm and star—  
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—  
Toils the indomitable world.’

## HYMN TO THE SEA

**B**

To Henry Norman

## HYMN TO THE SEA

### I

GRANT, O regal in bounty, a subtle and  
delicate largess;

Grant an ethereal alms, out of the wealth  
of thy soul:

Suffer a tarrying minstrel, who finds, not  
fashions his numbers,—

Who, from the commune of air, cages the  
volatile song,—

Here to capture and prison some fugitive  
breath of thy descant,

Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on  
the lips of a shell,

Now while the vernal impulsion makes  
lyrical all that hath language,  
While, through the veins of the Earth,  
riots the ichor of Spring,  
While, with throes, with raptures, with  
loosing of bonds, with unsealings,—  
Arrowy pangs of delight, piercing the  
core of the world,—  
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctances,  
sweet agitations,—  
Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a  
wondering rose.

II

LOVER whose vehement kisses on lips  
irresponsive are squandered,  
Lover that wooest in vain Earth's imper-  
turbable heart ;  
Athlete mightily frustrate, who pittest thy  
thews against legions,  
Locked with fantastical hosts, bodiless  
arms of the sky ;  
Sea that breakest for ever, that breakest  
and never art broken,  
Like unto thine, from of old, springeth  
the spirit of man,—

Nature's wooer and fighter, whose years  
are a suit and a wrestling,  
All their hours, from his birth, hot with  
desire and with fray ;  
Amorist agonist man, that, immortally  
pining and striving,  
Snatches the glory of life only from love  
and from war ;  
Man that, rejoicing in conflict, like thee  
when precipitate tempest,  
Charge after thundering charge, clangs  
on thy resonant mail,  
Seemeth so easy to shatter, and proveth  
so hard to be cloven ;  
Man whom the gods, in his pain, curse  
with a soul that endures ;

Man whose deeds, to the doer, come back as  
thine own exhalations  
Into thy bosom return, weepings of  
mountain and vale ;

Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry  
vicissitudes tangled,  
Chained to the wheel of the world, blind  
with the dust of its speed,

Even as thou, O giant, whom trailed in the  
wake of her conquests  
Night's sweet despot draws, bound to her  
ivory car ;

Man with inviolate caverns, impregnable  
holds in his nature,  
Depths no storm can pierce, pierced with  
a shaft of the sun ;

Man that is galled with his confines, and  
burdened yet more with his vastness,  
Born too great for his ends, never at peace  
with his goal ;

Man whom Fate, his victor, magnanimous,  
clement in triumph,  
Holds as a captive king, mewed in a  
palace divine :

Wide its leagues of pleasance, and ample  
of purview its windows ;

Airily falls, in its courts, laughter of  
fountains at play ;

Nought, when the harpers are harping,  
untimely reminds him of durance ;

None, as he sits at the feast, whisper  
Captivity's name ;

But, would he parley with Silence, withdraw  
for awhile unattended,  
Forth to the beckoning world 'scape for  
an hour and be free,  
Lo, his adventurous fancy coercing at once  
and provoking,  
Rise the unscalable walls, built with a  
word at the prime ;  
Lo, immobile as statues, with pitiless faces  
of iron,  
Armed at each obstinate gate, stand the  
impassable guards.

### III

MISER whose coffered recesses the spoils  
of eternity cumber,  
Spendthrift foaming thy soul wildly in  
fury away,—  
We, self-amorous mortals, our own multi-  
tudinous image  
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find  
it in thee :  
Seek it and find it when o'er us the  
exquisite fabric of Silence  
Perilous-turreted hangs, trembles and  
dulcetly falls ;

When the aërial armies engage amid  
orgies of music,  
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of  
querulous reeds ;

When, at his banquet, the Summer is  
purple and drowsed with repletion ;

When, to his anchorite board, taciturn  
Winter repairs ;

When by the tempest are scattered mag-  
nificent ashes of Autumn ;

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the  
white foam of the Spring :

When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a  
bacchante upleaping,  
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages  
golden and red ;

When, as a token at parting, munificent  
Day, for remembrance,  
Gives, unto men that forget, Ophirs of  
fabulous ore ;

When, invincibly rushing, in luminous  
palpitant deluge,  
Hot from the summits of Life, poured is  
the lava of noon ;

When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of  
her mutable glories,  
Wise from the magical East, comes like  
a sorceress pale.

Ah, she comes, she arises,—impassive,  
emotionless, bloodless,  
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her  
ruins with pearl.

Once she was warm, she was joyous, desire  
in her pulses abounding:

Surely thou lovedst her well, then, in her  
conquering youth!

Surely not all unimpassioned, at sound of  
thy rough serenading,

She, from the balconied night, unto her  
melodist leaned,—

Leaned unto thee, her bondsman, who  
keepest to-day her commandments,

All for the sake of old love, dead at thy  
heart though it lie.

IV

YEA, it is we, light perverts, that waver, and  
shift our allegiance ;  
We, whom insurgence of blood dooms to  
be barren and waste ;  
We, unto Nature imputing our frailties, our  
fever and tumult ;  
We, that with dust of our strife sully the  
hue of her peace.  
Thou, with punctual service, fulfillest thy  
task, being constant ;  
Thine but to ponder the Law, labour and  
greatly obey :

Wherefore, with leapings of spirit, thou  
chantest the chant of the faithful,  
Chantest aloud at thy toil, cleansing the  
Earth of her stain ;  
Leagued in antiphonal chorus with stars  
and the populous Systems,  
Following these as their feet dance to the  
rhyme of the Suns ;  
Thou thyself but a billow, a ripple, a drop  
of that Ocean,  
Which, labyrinthine of arm, folding us  
meshed in its coil,  
Shall, as now, with elations, august exulta-  
tions and ardours,  
Pour, in unfaltering tide, all its unani-  
mous waves,

When, from this threshold of being, these  
steps of the Presence, this precinct,  
Into the matrix of Life darkly divinely  
resumed,  
Man and his littleness perish, erased like  
an error and cancelled,  
Man and his greatness survive, lost in  
the greatness of God.

# THE TOMB OF BURNS

C

To the Hon. Mrs. Henniker

## THE TOMB OF BURNS

WHAT woos the world to yonder shrine ?

What sacred clay, what dust divine ?

Was this some Master faultless-fine,

In whom we praise

The cunning of the jewelled line

And carven phrase ?

A searcher of our source and goal,

A reader of God's secret scroll ?

A Shakespeare, flashing o'er the whole

Of man's domain

The splendour of his cloudless soul

And perfect brain?

Some Keats, to Grecian gods allied,

Clasping all Beauty as his bride?

Some Shelley, soaring dim-descried

Above Time's throng,

And heavenward hurling wild and wide

His spear of song?

A lonely Wordsworth, from the crowd

Half hid in light, half veiled in cloud?

A sphere-born Milton cold and proud,

In hallowing dews

Dipt, and with gorgeous ritual vowed

Unto the Muse?

Nay, none of these,—and little skilled  
On heavenly heights to sing and build !  
Thine, thine, O Earth, whose fields he tilled,  
And thine alone,  
Was he whose fiery heart lies stilled  
'Neath yonder stone.

He came when poets had forgot  
How rich and strange the human lot ;  
How warm the tints of Life ; how hot  
Are Love and Hate ;  
And what makes Truth divine, and what  
Makes Manhood great.

A ghostly troop, in pale amaze  
They melted 'neath that living gaze,—

His in whose spirit's gusty blaze  
We seem to hear  
The crackling of their phantom bays  
Sapless and sear !

For, 'mid an age of dust and dearth,  
Once more had bloomed immortal worth.  
There, in the strong, splenetic North,  
    The Spring began.  
A mighty mother had brought forth  
    A mighty man.

No mystic torch through Time he bore,  
No virgin veil from Life he tore ;  
His soul no bright insignia wore  
    Of starry birth ;

He saw what all men see—no more—

In heaven and earth :

But as, when thunder crashes nigh,

All darkness opes one flaming eye,

And the world leaps against the sky,—

So fiery-clear

Did the old truths that we pass by

To him appear.

How could he 'scape the doom of such

As feel the airiest phantom-touch

Keenlier than others feel the clutch

Of iron powers,—

Who die of having lived so much

In their large hours ?

He erred, he sinned : and if there be  
Who, from his hapless frailties free,  
Rich in the poorer virtues, see  
    His faults alone,—  
To such, O Lord of Charity,  
    Be mercy shown !

Singly he faced the bigot brood,  
The meanly wise, the feebly good ;  
He pelted them with pearl, with mud ;  
    He fought them well,—  
But ah, the stupid million stood,  
    And he—he fell !

All bright and glorious at the start,  
'Twas his ignobly to depart,

Slain by his own too affluent heart,  
Too generous blood ;  
And blindly, having lost Life's chart,  
To meet Death's flood.

So closes the fantastic fray,  
The duel of the spirit and clay !  
So come bewildering disarray  
And blurring gloom,  
The irremediable day  
And final doom.

So passes, all confusedly  
As lights that hurry, shapes that flee  
About some brink we dimly see,  
The trivial, great,

Squalid, majestic tragedy

Of human fate.

Not ours to gauge the more or less,

The will's defect, the blood's excess,

The earthy humours that oppress

The radiant mind.

His greatness, not his littleness,

Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,

A fisher in familiar streams,

He chased the transitory gleams

That all pursue ;

But on his lips the eternal themes

Again were new.

With shattering ire or withering mirth  
He smote each worthless claim to worth.  
The barren fig-tree cumbering Earth  
    He would not spare.  
Through ancient lies of proudest birth  
    He drove his share.

To him the Powers that formed him brave,  
Yet weak to breast the fatal wave,  
A mighty gift of Hatred gave,—  
    A gift above  
All other gifts benefic, save  
    The gift of Love.

He saw 'tis meet that Man possess  
The will to curse as well as bless,

To pity—and be pitiless,  
To make, and mar ;  
The fierceness that from tenderness  
Is never far.

And so his fierce and tender strain  
Lives, and his idlest words remain  
To flout oblivion, that in vain  
Strives to destroy  
One lightest record of his pain  
Or of his joy.

And though thrice statelier names decay,  
His own can wither not away  
While plighted lass and lad shall stray  
Among the broom,

Where evening touches glen and brae  
With rosy gloom ;

While Hope and Love with Youth abide ;  
While Age sits at the ingleside ;  
While yet there have not wholly died  
The heroic fires,  
The patriot passion, and the pride  
In noble sires ;

While, with the conquering Saxon breed  
Whose fair estate of speech and deed  
Heritors north and south of Tweed  
Alike may claim,  
The dimly mingled Celtic seed  
Flowers like a flame ;

While nations see in holy trance  
That vision of the world's advance  
Which glorified his countenance  
When from afar  
He hailed the Hope that shot o'er France  
Its crimson star ;

While, plumed for flight, the Soul deplores  
The cage that foils the wing that soars ;  
And while, through adamantine doors,  
In dreams flung wide,  
We hear resound, on mortal shores,  
The immortal tide.

SONNETS



I THINK you never were of earthly frame,  
O truant from some charméd world  
unknown !

A fairy empress, you forsook your  
throne,  
Fled your inviolate court, and hither  
came ;

Donned mortal vesture ; wore a woman's  
name ;

Like a mere woman, loved ; and so are  
grown

At last a little human, save alone  
For the wild elvish heart not Love could  
tame.

And one day I believe you will return  
To your far isle amid the enchanted sea,—  
There, in your realm, perhaps remember  
me,  
Perhaps forget: but I shall never learn!  
I, loveless dust within a dreamless urn,  
Dead to your beauty's immortality.

TO ——

WITH A VOLUME OF VERSE

IF, on these pale and trembling blooms, full  
soon  
The winter of oblivion should descend,  
Remember, it was in my summer's noon  
I gave you the poor posy, gentle friend.  
Remember, how a fickle gust of praise  
Ruffled my foliage in that perished time,  
And by the after-light of these dead days  
Read once again my world-forgotten  
rhyme.

Say: 'Fame his mistress was ; he wooed  
her long,  
She toyed with him an hour—and flung  
him by :  
With me alone the memory of his song  
Reluctant fades, and hesitates to die.'—  
Then burn the book, that eyes less kind  
than those  
Vex not the haunted dusk of its repose.

## THE TURK IN ARMENIA

WHAT profits it, O England, to prevail  
In camp and mart and council, and  
bestrew  
With sovereign argosies the subject  
blue,  
And wrest thy tribute from each golden  
gale,  
If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear the  
wail  
Of maidens martyred by the turbaned  
crew

Whose tenderest mercy was the sword  
that slew,  
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?  
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge  
from Him  
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,  
To smite the wronger with thy destined  
rod.  
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the sleep-  
less cry  
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high  
The gathering blackness of the frown of  
God!

*March 2nd, 1895.*

## LYRICS



I DO not ask to have my fill  
Of wine, or love, or fame.

I do not, for a little ill,  
Against the gods exclaim.

One boon, of Fortune I implore,  
With one petition kneel :  
*At least caress me not, before*  
*Thou break me on thy wheel.*

OH, like a queen 's her happy tread,  
And like a queen 's her golden head !

But oh, at last, when all is said,  
Her woman's heart for me !

We wandered where the river gleamed  
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that  
dreamed.

A wild thing of the woods she seemed,  
So proud, and pure, and free !

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,  
When from her lips her soul took wing ;  
The oaks forgot their pondering,  
The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,

And oh, her queenly golden head !

But oh, her heart, when all is said,

Her woman's heart for me !



# A P O L O G I A



## A P O L O G I A

THUS much I know: what dues soe'er be  
mine,

Of fame or of oblivion, Time the just,  
Punctiliously assessing, shall award.

This have I doubted never; this is sure.

But one meanwhile shall chide me,—one  
shall curl

Superior lips,—because my handiwork,

The issue of my solitary toil,

The harvest of my spirit, even these

My numbers, are not something, good or ill,

Other than I have ever striven, in years  
Lit by a conscious and a patient aim,  
With hopes and with despairs, to fashion  
them ;

Or, it may be, because I have full oft  
In singers' selves found me a theme of  
song,

Holding these also to be very part  
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not  
Their descants least heroical of deeds ;

Or, yet again, because I bring nought  
new,

Save as each noontide or each Spring is  
new,

Into an old and iterative world,  
And can but proffer unto whoso will

A cool and nowise turbid cup, from wells  
Our fathers digged ; and have not thought  
it shame  
To tread in nobler footprints than mine  
own,  
And travel by the light of purer eyes.  
Ev'n such offences am I charged withal,  
Till, breaking silence, I am moved to cry,  
What would ye, then, my masters ? Is the  
Muse  
Fall'n to a thing of Mode, that must each  
year  
Supplant her derelict self of yester-year ?  
Or do the mighty voices of old days  
At last so tedious grow, that one whose lips  
Inherit some far echo of their tones—

How far, how faint, none better knows than  
he  
Who hath been nourished on their utter-  
ance—can  
But irk the ears of such as care no more  
The accent of dead greatness to recall ?  
If, with an ape's ambition, I rehearse  
Their gestures, trick me in their stolen  
robes,  
The sorry mime of their nobility,  
Dishonouring whom I vainly emulate,  
The poor imposture soon shall shrink  
revealed  
In the ill grace with which their gems be-  
star  
An abject brow ; but if I be indeed

Their true descendant, as the veriest hind  
May yet be sprung of kings, their lineaments

Will out, the signature of ancestry  
Leap unobsured, and somewhat of themselves

In me, their lowly scion, live once more.

With grateful, not vain-glorious joy, I  
dreamed

It did so live; and ev'n such pride was  
mine

As is next neighbour to humility.

For he that claims high lineage yet may feel  
How thinned in the transmission is become  
The ancient blood he boasts; how slight  
he stands

In the great shade of his majestic sires.  
But it was mine endeavour so to sing  
As if these lofty ones a moment stooped  
From their still spheres, and undisdainful  
graced  
My note with audience, nor incurious heard  
Whether, degenerate irredeemably,  
The faltering minstrel shamed his starry  
kin.  
And though I be to these but as a knoll  
About the feet of the high mountains,  
scarce  
Remarked at all save when a valley cloud  
Holds the high mountains hidden, and the  
knoll  
Against the cloud shows briefly eminent;

Yet ev'n as they, I too, with constant  
heart,  
And with no light or careless ministry,  
Have served what seemed the Voice ; and  
unprofane,  
Have dedicated to melodious ends  
All of myself that least ignoble was.  
For though of faulty and of erring walk,  
I have not suffered aught in me of frail  
To blur my song ; I have not paid the  
world  
The evil and the insolent courtesy  
Of offering it my baseness for a gift.  
And unto such as think all Art is cold,  
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe  
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow

With fire not caught from Aphrodite's  
breast,

Be it enough to say, that in Man's life  
Is room for great emotions unbegot  
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot  
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul ;  
And one not pale of blood, to human  
touch

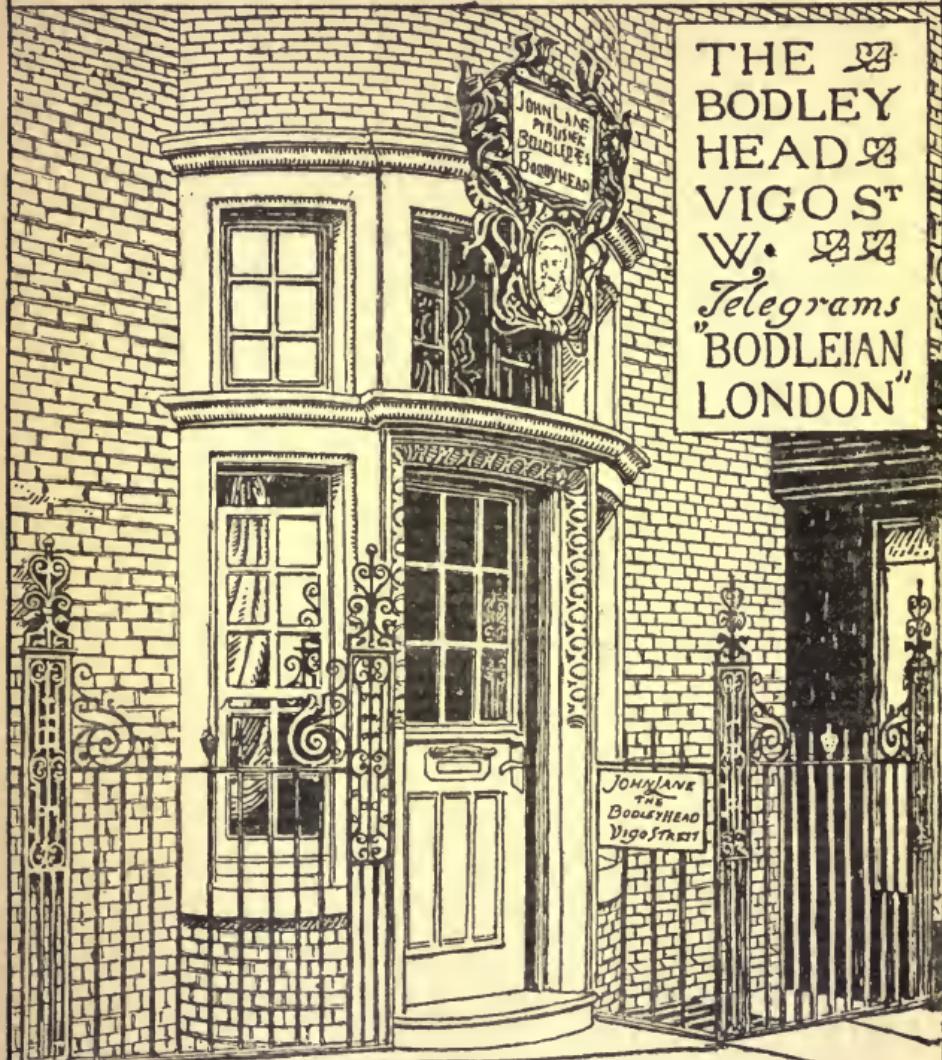
Not tardily responsive, yet may know  
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill  
Than comes of commerce with mortality,  
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,  
All temporal and immediate circumstance,  
In silence, in the visionary mood  
That, flashing light on the dark deep,  
perceives

Order beyond this coil and errancy,  
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone  
And hears the eternal movement, and  
beholds  
Above him and around and at his feet,  
In million-billowed consentaneousness,  
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.

Such moments, are they not the peaks of  
life?  
Enough for me, if on these pages fall  
The shadow of the summits, and an air  
Not dim from human hearth-fires some-  
times blow.

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